LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the National Era.

"Many a blessed song comes stealing
Downward from the Eden aisles"—

And our friend Gallagher has caught one of them. Every volume of the *Era* he opens with a hymn, but this is the best of all.—*Ed. Era.*

Radicalos.

In the far and fading ages
Of the younger days of earth,
When Man's aspirations quickened,
And his passions had their birth—
When first paled his glorious beauty,
And his heart first knew unrest,
As he yielded to the Tempter
That inflamed and filled his breast—
When the Voice that was in Eden
Echoed through his his startled soul,
And he heard rebuking anthems
Through the heavenly arches roll—
When he fell from the high promise
Of his being's blessed morn,
To a night of doubt and struggle—
Radicalos then was born.

Through the ages long and dreary
That since then have dawn'd on Earth,
Man has had but feeble glimpses
Of the glory of his birth;
Catching these, his soul, aspiring
To its morning light again,
Hard has upward toil'd, and often
Hopefully, but still in vain.
Many a blessed song comes stealing
Downward from the Eden aisles,
Whence the light of heavenliest beauty
Still upon the banish'd smiles;
But the harmonies are broken
Of each sounding choral hymn,
And the gloom that veils his spirit
Makes e'en heavenly splendor dim.

Faint revealings, thwarted hopings,
Wearying struggles, day by day:—
So the long and dreary ages
Of his life have worn away.
War, and rapine, and oppression,
Early in his course he found—
Brother against brother striving—
By the few the many bound.
And in patience, and in meekness,
To the galling chain resign'd,
Thus the fettered limbs have rested—
Thus hath slept the darkened mind.
But it wakens now!—it flashes
Like the lightning ere the rain;
And those limbs grow strong! when ready,
They can rend the mightiest chain.

Through the slow and stately marches
Of the centuries sublime,
Radicalos hath been strengthening
For the noblest work of Time.
And he comes upon the Present
Like a god in look and mien,
With composure high surveying
All the tumult of the scene:
Where obey the fettered millions;
Where commend the fettered few;
Where the chain of Wrong is forging,
With its red links hid from view;
And he standeth, by the peasant,
And he standeth by the lord,
And he shouts "Your rights are equal!"
Till earth startles at the word.

He hath seen the Record written,
From the primal morn of man,
In the blood of battling nations
O'er ensanguined plains that ran,
In the tears of the deluded,
In the sweat of the oppress'd,
From Ind's farthest peopled borders
To the new worlds of the West.
And he ecmeth with deliverance!
And his might shall soon be known,
Where the wrong'd rise up for justice,
And the wrongers lie o'erthrown.
Wo! the pride that then shall scorn him:
He will bring it fitly low!
Wo! the arm that shall oppose him:
He will cleave it at a blow!
Wo! the hosts that shall beset him:
He will scatter them abroad!
He will strike them down forever!
Radicalos is of God.

W. D. G.

Cincinnati, Dec., 1848.

From the Literary World.

Prologue to Lamartine's forthcoming Romance of "Raphael."

By the courtesy of the Messrs. Harper we have an opportunity of presenting to our readers, in advance of the European publication, the Prologue to a new work from the pen of one, the movements of whose mind have lately been a study to the whole world. Think what we may of his wisdom and his political stamina, Lamartine by his moderation, no less than his enthusiasm, has won himself an honorable position in the world's affections. The publication of a Romance written in his earlier days, will remind the world in its "melancholy grace," of that heart of humanity (wisely cultured or the reverse) which beats under the robe of office, unhardened by the admiration or neglect of the people; surviving for ever in its old relationships with mother, wife and child; fastening its "hooks of steel," not on power or station, but the fast mouldering monuments of memory and the affections.

PROLOGUE.

The real name of the friend who wrote these pages was not Raphael. We often called him so in sport, because in his boyhood he much resembled a youthful portrait of Raphael, which may be seen in the Barberini gallery at Rome, at the Pitti palace in Florence, and the Museum of the Louvre. We had given him the name, too, because the distinctive feature of this youth's character was his lively sense of the Beautiful in nature and art; a sense so keen, that his mind was, so to speak, merely the shadowing forth of the ideal or material Beauty scattered throughout the works of God and Man. This feeling was the result of his exquisite and almost morbid sensibility—morbid, at least, until time had somewhat blunted it. We would sometimes, in allusion to those who, from their ardent longings to revisit their country, are called homesick, say that he was heaven-sick, and he would smile, and say that we were right.

This love of the Beautiful made him unhappy; in another situation it might have rendered him illustrious. Had he held a pencil, he would have painted the Virgin of "Foligno;" as a sculptor, he would have chiselled the "Psyche" of Canova; had he known the language in which sounds are written, he would have noted the ethereal lament of the sea breeze sighing among the fibres of Italian pines, or the breathing of a sleeping girl who dreams of one she will not name; had he been a poet, he would have written the address of "Job" to "Jehovah," the stanzas of "Tasso's Ermunia," the monlight talk of "Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet," or Byron's portrait of "Haidee."

He loved the Good as well as the Beautiful, but he loved not virtue for its holiness, he loved it for its beauty. He would have been aspiring in imaginstion, although he was not ambitious by character. Had he lived in those ancient republics, where men attained their full development through liberty, as the free unfettered body develops itself in pure air and open sunshine, he would have aspired to every summit like Cæsar; he would have spoken as Demosthenes, and would have died as Cato. But his inglorious and obscure destiny confined him, against his will, in speculative inaction—he had wings to spread, and no surrounding air to bear them up. He died young, straining his gaze into the future, and ardently surveying the space over which he was never to travel.

Every one knows the youthful portrait of Raphael to which I have alluded. It represents a youth of sixteen, whose face is somewhat paled by the rays of a Roman sun, but on whose cheek still blooms the soft down of childhood. A glancing ray of light seems to play on the velvet of the cheek. He leans his elbow on a table, the arm is bent upwards to suppo.t the head, which rests on the palm of the hand, and the admirably-modelled fingers are lightly imprinted on the cheek and chin; the delicate mouth is thoughtful and melancholy, the nose is slender at its rise, and slightly tinged with blue, as the azure veins shone through the fair transparency of the skin; the eyes are of that dark heavenly hue which the Apennine wears at the approach of dawn; they gaze earnestly forward, but are slightly raised to heaven, as though they ever looked higher than nature; a liquid lustre illuminates their inmost depths, like rays dissolved in dew or tears. On the scarcely arched brow, beneath the delicate skin, we trace the muscles, those responsive chords of the instrument of thought; the temples seem to throb with reflection; the ear appears to listen; the dark hair, unskilfully cut by a sister, or some young companion of the studio, throws a dark tint upon the hand and cheek, and a small cap of black velvet, placed on the crown of the head, shades the brow. One cannot pass before this portrait without musing sadly, one knows not why. It represents the reverie of youthful genius pausing on the threshold of its destiny. What will be the fate of that soul standing at the portal of life?

Now, in idea, add six years to the age of that dreaming boy; suppose the features bolder, the complexion more bronzed; place a few furrows on the brow, slightly dim the look, sadden the lips, give height to the figure, and throw out the muscles in bolder relief; let the Italian costume of the days of Leo X. be exchanged for the sombre and plain uniform of a youth bred in the simplicity of rural life, who seeks no elegance in dress, and if the pensive and languid attitude be retained, you will have the striking likeness of our "Raphael" at the age of twenty.

He was of a poor, though ancient family, from the mountainous province of Forez, and his father, whose sole dignity was that of honor (worth all others,) had, like the nobles of Spain, exchanged the sword for the plough. His mother, still young and handsome, seemed his sister, so much did they resemble each other. She had been bred amid the luxurious elegancies of a capital; and as the balmy essence of the rose perfumes the crystal vase of the seraglio in which it has once been contained, so she, too, had preserved that fragrant atmosphere of manners and language which never evaporates entirely.

In her secluded mountains, with the loved husband of her choice, and with her children, in whom she had complacently centred all the pride of her maternal heart, she had regretted nothing. She closed the fair book of youth at these three words—"God, husband, children." Raphael especially was her best beloved. She would have purchased for him a kingly destiny, but, alas! she had only her heart with which to raise him up, for their slender fortune and their dreams of prosperity, would ever and anon crumble to their very foundation beneath the hand of fate.

Two holy men, driven by persecution to the mountains, had, soon after the Reign of Terror, taken refuge in her house. They had been persecuted as members of a mystical religious sect which dimly predicted a renovation of the age. They loved Raphael, who was then a mere child, and, obscurely prophesying his fate, pointed out his star in the heavens, and told his mother to watch over that son with all her heart. She reproached herself for being too credulous, for she was very pious, but still she believed them! In such matters, a mother is so easy of belief! Her credulity supported her under many trials, but spurred her to efforts beyond her means to educate Raphael, and ultimately deceived her.

I had known Raphael since he was twelve years old and next to his mother he loved me best on earth. We had met since the conclusion of our studies first in Paris, then at Rome, whither he had been taken by one of his father's relatives, for the purpose of copying manuscripts in the Vatican Library. There he had acquired the impassioned language and genuis of Italy.—He spoke Italian better than his mother tongue. At evening he would sit beneath the pines of the Villa Pamphili, and gazing on the setting sun and on the white fragments scattered on the plain, like the bleached bones of departed Rome, would pour forth extemporaneous stanzas that made us weep. But never wrote; 'Raphael,' would I sometimes says 'why do you not write?'

'Ah!' would he answer, 'does the wind write what it sighs in this harmonious canopy of leaves? Does the sea write the wail of its shores? Naught that has been written is truly, really Beautiful, and the heart of man never discloses its best and most divine portion. It is impossible!—The instrument is of flesh, and the note is of fire! Between what is felt, and what is expressed,' would he add, mournfully, 'there is the same distance as between the soul and the twenty-six letters of an alphabet! Immensity of distance! Think you a flute of reeds can give an idea of the harmony of the spheres?'

I left him to return to Paris. He was at that time striving, through his mother's interest, to obtain some situation in which he might by active employment remove from his soul its heavy weight, and lighten the oppressive burden of his fate. Men of his own age sought him, and women looked graciously on him as he passed them by. But he never went into society, and of all women he loved his mother only.

We suddenly lost sight of him for three years, though we afterwards learned that he had been seen in Switzerland, Germany, and Savoy; and that in winter he passed many hours of his nights on a bridge, or on one of the quays of Paris. He had all the appearance of extreme destitution. It was only many years afterwards that we learnt more. We constantly thought of him, though absent, for he was one of those who could defy the forgetfulness of friends.

Chance reunited us once more after an interval of twelve years. It so happened that I had inherited a small estate in his province, and when I went there to dispose of it, I inquired after Raphael. I was told that he had lost father, mother, and wife in the space of a few years; that after these pangs of the heart he had had to bear the blows of fortune, and that of all the domain of his fathers, nothing now remained to him but the old dismantled tower on the edge of the ravine, the garden, orchard, and meadow, and a few acres of unproductive land.

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He knew me at a glance, made one step forward with extended arms, and fell back upon the bed. We first wept, and then talked together. He related the past; how, when he had thought to cull the flowers or fruits of life, his hopes had ever been marred by fortune or by death; the loss of his father, mother, wife, and child; his reverses of fortune, and the compulsory sale of his ancestral domain; he told how he retired to his ruined home, with no other companionship than that of his mother's old herdsman, who served him without pay, for the love he bore to his house; and lastly, spoke of the consuming languor which would sweep him away with the autumnal leaves, and lay him in the churchyard, beside those he loved so well! His intense imaginative faculty might be seen strong even in death, and in idea he loved to endow with fanciful sympathy the turf and flowers which would blossom on his grave.

'Do you know what grieves me most?' said he, pointing to the fringe of little birds which were perched round the top of his bed—'it is to think that, next spring, these poor little ones, my latest friends, will seek for me in vain in the tower. They will no longer find the broken pane through which to fly in; and on the floor, the little flocks of wool from my mattrass with which to build their nests; but the old nurse, to whom I bequeathe my little all, will take care of them as long as she lives,' he resumed, as if to comfort himself with the idea—'and after her———Well! God will! for He feedeth the young ravens.'

He seemed moved while speaking of these little creatures. It was easy to see that he had long been weaned from the sympathy of men, and that the whole tenderness of his soul, which had been repulsed by them, was now transferred to dumb animals. 'Will you spend any time among our mountains?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied, 'So much the better,' he added; 'you will close my eyes, and take care that my grave is dug as close as possible to those of my mother, wife, and child!'

He then begged me to draw towards him a large chest of carved wood, which was concealed beneath a bag of Indian corn at one end of the room. I placed the chest upon the bed, and from it he drew a quantity of papers which he tore silently to pieces, for half an hour, and then bid his old nurse sweep them into the fire. There were verses in many languages, and innumerable pages of fragments, separated by dates, like memoranda. 'Why should you burn all these?' I timidly suggested; 'has not man a moral as well as a material inheritance to bequeathe to those who come after him? You are perhaps destroying thoughts and feelings which might have quickened a soul.'

'What matters it?' he said; 'there are tears enough in this world, and we need not deposit a few more in the heart of man.—These,' said he, showing his verses, 'are the cast off, useless feathers of my soul; it has moulted since then, and spread its bolder wings for eternity?' He then continued to burn and destroy, while I looked out of the broken window at the dreary landscape.

At length, he called me once more to the bedside. 'Here,' said he—'save this one little manuscript, which I have not courage to burn. When I am gone, my poor nurse would make bags for her seeds with it, and I would not that the name which fills its pages should be profaned, Take it, and keep it till you hear that I am no more. After my death you may burn it, or preserve it till your old age, to think of me sometimes as you glance over it.'

I hid the roll of paper beneath my cloak, and took my leave, resolving inwardly to return the next day to soothe the last moments of Raphael by my care and friendly discourse. As I descended the steps, I saw about twenty little children with their wooden shoes in their hands, who had come to take the lessons which he gave them, even on his death-bed. A little further on, I met the village priest, who had come to spend the evening with him. I bowed respectfully, and as he noted my swollen eyes, he returned my salute with an air of mournful sympathy.

The next day I returned to the tower—Raphael had died during the night, and the village bell was already tolling for his burial. Women and children were standing at their doors, looking mournfully in the direction of the tower, and in the little green field adjoining the church, two men, with spades and mattock, were digging a grave at the foot of a cross.

I drew near to the door—a cloud of twittering swallows were fluttering round the open windows, darting in and out, as though the spoiler had robbed their nests.

Since then I have read these pages, and now know why he loved to be surrounded by these birds, and what memories they waked in him, even to his dying day.

Michigan Flowers and Birds.

A stroll through the open woods of Michigan in the month of May is delightful. They are more like parks than forests. Flowers of gay colors glitter at every step; but alas, there is one sad drawback on all this floral beauty. The flowers, most of them, are scentless! A beautiful flower without perfume, is like a beautiful woman without corresponding beauty of mind.—After the first gaze of admiration is over, the "vermeil tint" of the leaf, or lip, but more forcibly calls attention to what is lacking. But the birds, the birds—how they swarm and vocalize the groves and fields of Michigan! In the morning, the whole forest rings like a concert room with their notes. I had the curiosity to sit at my window, and do nothing for half an hour but watch the different varieties of them which appeared in sight, and strive to identify the notes of those unseen ones, the songs of which I could hear. The clear whistle of the quail is incessantly on the ear. A score of bob-o-links fluttered up and down, and twanged their instruments like mad. A brown thrush poured his rich and varied song from the topmast spray of an apple tree. A couple of blue birds flitted past, whispering notes of the tenderest dalliance. Woodpeckers of various hues went on their jerking flight, and a red-head sounded his shrill clarion on a dead locust, summoning all its crawling inmates to surrender at discretion. The mournful cooing of the turtle-dove, the harsh scream of the blue-jay, the notes of the meadow lark, robin, chirping bird, oriole, starling, Canada warbler, and a host of other birds, some known, and some unknown to me, were blent in the general chorus.—*Albany Atlas.*

Talmudic Maxims.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense.

Few are so generous as to praise without making some drawback.

Fortune can take nothing from us but what she gave.

Frequent application is to the mind what repeated tillage is to the earth.

A young man idle, an old man needy.

Abundance, like want, often ruins many.

Affections that depend on *worldly* objects, cease when those objects cease, but those which do not depend on such objects, will never cease.

Have a benevolent eye, a modest spirit, and an humble mind.

It were no virtue to bear calamities, if we did not feel them.

In order to judge of another's feelings, remember your own.

The Slave Market at Alexandria.

I went to visit the slave-markets, one of which is held without the city, in the court-yard of a deserted mosque. I was received by a mild looking Nubian, with a large white turban wreathed over his swarthy brows, and a barnoose, or cloak, of white and brown striped hair-cloth, strapped round his loins. He rose and laid down his pipe as I entered, and led me in silence to inspect his stock. I found about thirty girls scattered in groups about an inner court. The gate was open, but there seemed no thought of escape. Where could they go, poor things? "The world was not their friend, or the world's law." Some of them were grinding millet between two stones; some were kneading the flour into bread; some were chatting in the sunshine; some sleeping in the shade.—One or two looked sad and lonely enough, until their gloomy countenances were lighted up with hope—the hope of being bought! Their faces were, for the most part, wofully blank; not with the blankness of pleasure, but of intelligence; and many wore an awfully animal expression. Yet there were several figures of exquisite symmetry among them, which, had they been indeed the bronze statues they resembled, would have attracted the admiration of thousands, and would have been valued at twenty times the price that was set upon these immortal beings. Their proprietor showed them off as a horse-dealer does his cattle, examining their teeth, removing their body-clothes, and exhibiting their paces. He asked only from twenty-five to thirty pounds sterling for the best and comeliest of them. The Abyssinians are the most prized of the African slaves, from their superior gentleness and intelligence; those of the Galla country are the most numerous and hardy. The former have well-shaped heads, beautiful eyes, an agreeable brown color, and shining smooth black tresses. The latter have low foreheads, crisp hair, sooty complexions, thick lips, and projecting jaws.

It is like the change from night to morning to pass from those dingy crowds to the white slaves from Georgia and Circassia. It is not without considerable difficulty that admission is obtained into this department of the human bazaars, as its commodities are only purchased by wealthy and powerful Moslems; and, when purchased, are destined to form part of the female aristocracy of Cairo.

These fetch from one, two, three, or even five hundred pounds, and, being so much more valuable than the Africans, are much more carefully tended. They reclined upon carpets, richly but lightly clad, Some were smoking; some chatting merrily together; some sitting in a dreamy languor. All their attitudes were very graceful, as seems necessarily the case when well-formed women are left to themselves, and grouped upon the floor.

They were, for the most part, exquisitely fair; but I was disappointed in their beauty. The sunny hair and heaven-blue eyes, that in England produce such an angel-like and intellectual effect, seemed to me here mere flax and beads; and I left them to the "turbaned Turk" without a sigh—except, perhaps a very little one, for those far away in mine own land, whose image they served, however faintly, to recall.—*The Crescent & the Cross.*

The Condition of Women in Mahommedan Countries.

Born and brought up in the harem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment; like cage-born birds they sing among their bars, and discover in their aviaries a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. There are no literary ladies; knowing not the thoughts of others, they associate the more with their own; and who can tell what wild and beautiful regions of imagination their minds may wander through, unimprisoned, if undirected by education? To them, in their calm seclusion, the strifes of the battling world come softened and almost hushed; they only hear the far-off murmur of life's stormy sea, and, if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood.

Once as I was passing through the secluded suburbs of Cairo, I found myself near one of the principal harems. I paused by the dull, dark wall, over which the palm-tree waved, and the scent of flowers and the bubbling of fountains stole: and there I listened to the sweet laughter of the Odalisques within. This was broken by snatches of untaught song, to which the merry unseen band joined chorus, and kept time by clapping hands, on which their jewelled bracelets tinkled. It was a music of most merry mirth; and as I pictured to myself the gay group within, I wondered whether they deserved that pity of their European sisters which they so little appreciate. An English lady, visiting an Odalisque, inquired what pleasure her profusion of rich ornaments could afford, as no person except her husband was ever to behold them. "And for whom," replied the fair barbarian, "do you adorn yourself? is it for other men?"

Compliment to Penn.

Macaulay, in his new history, says of William Penn: "Kind nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonising him. England is proud of his name. A great Commonwealth beyond the Atlantic regards him with a reverence similar to that which the Atheniens felt for Thesus, and the Romans Quirinus. The respectable society of which he was a member honors him as an apostle. By pious men of other persuasions he is generally regarded as a bright pattern of christian virtue."

Winter Piece.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold.
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Petra.

Standing on this lone, lofty pinnacle, it is impossible not to figure to ourselves the important Biblical events connected with it. Edom stood secure, though trembling, in her mountain fastnesses; the Promised Land was yet occupied by its original inhabitants, linked by a common danger to resist the invasion of the wanderers from Egypt, and to drive them back into the inhospitable desert; the Israelites had assembled at Kadesh, and, with their courage quailed by the discouraging reports of the spies, had been doomed to expiate their want of faith, and to wander forty years through the wilderness. These forty years had now done their work—that generation had passed away—and their descendants, children of the desert, assembled at the base of the mount, and fill the broad plain with their tents; their passage through these mountain defiles is refused by the Edomites, and again we see them, in idea, departing southward, down the Arabah to the Red Sea, to turn the region that they might not penetrate. But a short time before, the great lawgiver had buried at Kadesh, his sister Mirian, whose triumphant song had commemorated their first deliverance; and now, Aaron, too, was called to his rest—the prophet brothers ascend the lonely mount, and on its summit take the long and last farwell. Aaron is buried, and the aged Moses descends alone, and desolate in heart, to the tents of the mourning Israelites. So strongly marked are the features of this region, and so preserved by their sublime, unchanging barrenness, that when we behold at once the defiles of Edom, the frontier hills of Palestine, the Arabah, and, far outstretched to the westward, the great sepulchral wilderness, the lapse of ages is forgotten, and these touching and solemn events rise up before the mind with an almost startling reality.

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From a solitary group of tombs, the outskirts of its vast metropolis, I obtained my first view of the rock-bound city. A broken-down camel, one of a passing caravan, protesting against an insupportable load, which, at the expense of his last remaining strength, he had dragged up the long ascent, was a characteristic object in the foreground. This narrow pass was probably guarded in the palmy days of Petra, and blocked up when an attack was expected. Hence begins a long descent by the side of a ravine, leading to the vacant side of the old city, of which one solitary column appears like the ghost of its past splendor, girdled round by rocks of the most rugged and fantastic outline, and pierced with innumerable excavations, their coloring, as it were, run mad with a blending of all hues. No idea can be given of the first impression of such a place—its strangeness and remoteness—the utter desolation—the silence, broken only by the deep groans of the distressed, overburdened camels, and the fierce yells of their savage conductors. My plan had perfectly succeeded, the sheik and his retainers had not appeared; there was nothing to mar the glorious satisfaction of wandering alone and uninterrupted about this unparalleled place; my old cicerone, as I merely named the principal objects of interest, conducted me to them in silence, and I spent some hours in exploring the lower part of the city.

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The upper part of the approach along the course of the stream, which I did not see, is bordered by tombs, some of very singular character. The valley is rather open, but soon the brook descends among huge blocks of stone, overgrown with wild oleanders, almost blocking up the passage into the deep ravine, which, piercing through the chain of rocks, forms the only entrance to the city on this side. But a few paces beyond its entry, a ruined yet bold arch, springing from rock to rock, creates astonishment that it can maintain its position. The sides are adorned with niches and pilasters. This arch was perhaps erected to commemorate some victory, or may have served merely an ornamental purpose.

The sandstone formations which hem in the ravine at this arch, are of no great height, probably about 100 feet; but at every step they rise higher and higher, while the broken path beneath descends rapidly among fragments and wild plants, which hardly leave a roadway, and when unencumbered, could never have admitted more than two or three camels abreast. It is impossible to convey an idea of the feeling with which we penetrate further into the heart of this extraordinary defile; the cliffs become more jagged and awful, nearly meeting overhead, and the windings of the chasm seem to close up at every turn of the almost subterranean passage. Looking up from this deep abyss are seen, through occasional openings, the higher precipices of the gorge; their peaks, ragged and fantastic, tinted with the most fanciful variety of coloring, in pink, yellow, and blue veins, and hung with wild oleander, tamarisk, and climbing plants, are glittering several hundreds of feet above us, in the brilliant sunlight.

Awful as is this gorge, it is yet still more romantically beautiful—the forms of the precipices varying at every turn, the wonderful contrasts of the coloring, the variety of the overhanging foliage of the wild fig, the crimson-flowered oleander, and the trailing bright green plants, with the play of light and shade among the rocks, form such a striking succession of pictures that the wanderer lingers delighted among the thousand charms which nature unfolds in this singular recess, and almost projects, as he forces his difficult way among fallen rocks, and tangled shrubs and flowers, that he is traversing the principal highway into what was heretofore one of the richest commercial cities in the East.

On close examination, however, this passage, though now half choked up, shows vestiges of the care with which it was kept open in the prosperous times of Petra.—The traces of the square stones with which it was once paved are met with, as well as of the channel by which the water of the brook was carried down into the city, instead of being suffered to pour in full volume, as at present, down the bed of the ravine; this channel, crossing the passage from left to right, is continued by earthern pipes, bedded in mortar, in a groove made in the rocks. Robinson suggests that the great body of the water was, perhaps, anciently carried off in some different way.—Only a portion, not sufficient to injure the pavement, could, at any rate, have taken its course down the natural channel, into the city below. There occur, besides, niches and tablets here and there.

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The site of the city itself was along this brook; and the principal remaining edifices, viz, the Arch of Triumph and Kasr Pharoon, appear on the left hand, near its point of disappearance. The irregular ground rising north and south, was also, as is evident both from the site and the scattered heaps of stones and foundations, (many of which appear in the drawings,) covered, wherever practicable, with the buildings of the ancient city. The immense mass of the rock hemming in this area on the right, or north side, rises abrupt, rugged, and wild—built up, as it were, in vast, irregular buttresses, the basis of which are hewn into a variety of sepulchres. The left is pierced by defferent ravines, by one of which ascent is made to El Deir, (not visible;) and this range, like the opposite, is hewn into countless sepulchres, a region of death, looking down upon what was once a vast and crowded hive of noisy life far below. So that on all sides, if we are right in supposing that all these excavations are, as they appear to be, sepulchres, the inhabitants of this unparalleled city beheld the habitations of their dead rising round like a curtain. In the forum—in the streets—from the roof of the private dwelling—in the theatre—in highways and byways—up to the topmost crags of their rocky rampart—there were still sepulchres, nothing but sepulchres—even for miles out of the city. The habitations of the dead must have outnumbered those of the living, even as they excelled them in costliness and beauty! Yet doubts may well be entertained whether some of these rock excavations were not really the *dwellings* of the inhabitants. The mountain of Dibdiba, part of the central chain of Edom, towards which there is an ascent among the left-hand range of rocks, is seen closing up the view in the background; and in this direction is the monument with Sinaitic characters, mentioned by Irby and Mangles, which I did not see, but which, if deciphered, may possibly throw light on many interesting questions connected with the former inhabitants of Idumea.—*Forty Days in the Desert.*

From Littell's Living Age.

Early Rising and Industry of Birds.

The zeal and perseverance with which some persons devote themselves to the economy of nature, to the developments of science, the observation of animal life especially, either in its structural forms or its habits, prove that there is something perfectly unselfish in human nature; a love of truth for its own sake, absolutely disinterested. The whole history of science manifests this. Bacon, it is true, defiled his mind with the love of lucre, and sullied his great name by acts unworthy of an honest man; but generally the true devotee of science is one who postpones all other gratifications to the end he has in view, simply to explore nature, and to demonstrate her laws.

One of my friends in Paris has an acquaintance, remarkable for the simplicity of his manners and the kindliness of his disposition, who, like Alexander Wilson and Audubon, delights himself in the history and the habits of the feathered race. M. Dureau de la Malle is not adventurous like our American ornithologists. Linnæus sometimes employed himself with satisfaction upon a few square feet of grass ground, to study the varieties of its vegetable products, and the multitude of insects that find their sustenance upon them; and St. Pierre, in the vitality of a single strawberry plant, beheld with admiration the wisdom and goodness which bestow consciousness and enjoyment in minute and innumerable forms of life. M. de la Malle, in like manner, watches over the affections, the industry, the pleasures, and the distinctive peculiarities of the pretty creatures who have made their resting place under his windows. To do this, for half the year he accommodates his own habits to theirs. "For the last thirty years," says he, "in the spring and autumn, I go to bed regularly at seven o'clock, and rise at twelve; a practice necessary to make observations upon the matinal habits of birds." Eight species have afforded the following results; the chaffinch (*pinson, Francais*) awakes from one to half after one in the morning; the linnet (*fauvette*) between two and three; the quail (*caille*) between two and a half and three; the blackbird (*merle*) between three and a half and four; the nightingale (*rossignol des murailles*) between three and three and a half; the lapwig (*pouliot*) at four; the sparrow (*mojneau*) at from five to five and a half; the tomtit (*mesange*) also from five to five and a half. Thus the chaffinch is the most matinal and the sparrow and tomtit the most dilatory of the birds observed.

Endeavoring to ascertain the causes of these differences in the commencement of their diurnal activity, M. de la Malle noticed some curious facts in regard to several individuals. June 4th, 1846, the linnet and the blackbird, which had not previously taken flight until four o'clock, changed the time to two and a half. What was the occasion of this? Their little ones were hatched; the necessities of each family had increased. Until this day the provident male obtained food for himself, and had relieved the patient hen, both enjoying a protracted repose compared with other tribes; but the increase of a bird's nest, like that of a human family, demands increase of means, and, therefore, increase of toil to supply their wants. By the clear light of the moon, the fathers and mothers of the two species were then, and afterwards, seen busy, searching among the grass and along the flower borders for insects, and stray particles of nutritious substance, destined to feed the nestlings.

June 11th, the linnet was awakened some hours before the usual time, by the light of a brilliant lamp, and began to sing, but perceiving that she was out of season, she composed herself again. Free blackbirds, full-grown, were never observed to imitate any note of other birds, while caged birds of that species, taken young, become very good imitators. M. de la Malle possesses one of the latter, which he caused to be hung up near the garden. There its powerful voice sent out vigorously the acquired song. The free birds, however, disdaining this accomplishment, resisted all improvement, and limited themselves to nature's teaching. Not so their fledglings; they, impressible like him who has dominion over the birds of the air, and, like new generations of men seizing upon new suggestions, in despite of the tenacity of their predecessors, learned the song of the little captive. Hatched March 10th, these young blackbirds were the offspring of the same pair; their birthplace was the same garden, the same linden tree, the same nest, and, by the middle of June, they had become proficient in the art of the caged bird, answering to him, or singing in concert with him, repeating with many voices the notes which had been sung in vain to their parents. So much for good company and for the education of birds.

According to M. de la Malle's observations, *domestic birds*, for they may be called such, that fix themselves confidingly near the habitations of man, require just the same duration of sleep as the lord of creation. Seven hours, a little more or less, out of the twenty-four, are necessary to the daily refreshment of our human life, and so long appears to be the period allotted to the oblivion of those little lives which minister so delightfully to the gratification of ours.

A Summer Picture.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercupcatches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his doors in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumbbreast flutters and sings
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Justice.

In this God's-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice.—One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success?" Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading-articles visible or audible to thee again to all forever. What kind of success is that!—*Carlyle.*

The Mother of Jesus.

The woman that went under the name of Mary Magdalene,—whether that name be rightfully or wrongfully bestowed,—who stands before us, sanctified in the imagination and in the faith of the people in her combined character of Sinner and of Saint, as the first-fruits of Christian penitence, is a reality, and not a fiction. Even if we would, we cannot do away with the associations inseparably connected with her name and image. Of all those to whom much has been forgiven, she was the first of all the tears since ruefully shed at the foot of the cross of suffering, hers were the first: of all the hopes which the Resurrection has since diffused through nations and generations of men, hers were the first.—To her sorrowful image how many have looked up through tears, and blessed the pardoning grace of which she was the symbol—or rather the impersonation! Of the female saints, some were then chosen patrons of certain virtues—others of the certain vocations; but the accepted and glorified penitent threw her mantle over all, and more especially over those of her own sex, who having gone astray, were recalled from error and from shame, and laid their wrongs, their sorrows, and their sins, in trembling humility, at the feet of the Redeemer.—*Sacred Legendary Art, by Mrs. Jameson.*

Small Conversation.

Fuseli had a great dislike to commonplace observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during "the bald disjointed chat" of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" "Why, it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

"The Rights of Woman."

We have heard a great deal about 'The Rights of Woman' from many an Old Social Reform,' but we never saw them More felicitously set forth than in the following lines, by one of 'the sex,' Mrs. E. Little:

'The rights of Woman,' what are they?
The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er other's woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path her Saviour trod;
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong;
Such woman's rights, and God will bless,
And crown their champions with success.

A Californian's Dress.

The dress of a Spaniard of tolerable means consists of a fine velvet or deer-skin jacket, generally of a green color, with numerous rows of gold or silver-plated buttons upon it, with a pair of pantaloons of velvet or deer-skin, open from the knee down, and with a row of silver buttons on each side of the opening, confined at the waist by a red silk sash. Over all this is thrown the *scrappo*, a gaily-colored blanket, all stripes and figures, with a hole in the centre for the head. This, when placed over the shoulders, hangs to the ancle on either side. Under the pantaloons are a pair of very wide and lose drawers, and over them, when riding, are wrapped the *botas*, square pieces of leather reaching to the knee, to protect the lower part of the legs from chafing. They ride very fast, spurring their horses to madness, to exhibit their horsemanship, and the ease with which they retain their seats, when the horse is rearing and pitching and kicking, is really astonishing. The Mexican saddle, though awkward in appearance, is much superior to ours for riding. They have high peaks before and behind; the one in front is so arranged that an end of the *lasso* can be attached to it, after the bullock is snared. The spurs are the most savage and uncivilized looking instruments that can well be imagined, about two inches long, with small bells or pieces of steel attached, which jingle at every step. The stirrups are made of wood, generally of *lignum vitæ* and weighing from two to three pounds.—*Lieut. Morrison's Journal.*

Francis was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his court. He said, in a style of true gallantry, "that a drawing-room without ladies was like the year without the spring—or, rather, the spring without flowers."